NEW PUBLICATIONS.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES MEN AND TIMES OF THE REVOLUTION; OR, ME-MOISS OF ELKANAN WATSON. Edited by his Son, Wins-LOW C. WATSON. Svo., pp. 460. Dans & Co. The subject of this memoir was in intimate rela-

tions with several of the most distinguished men of his day throughout an unusually protracted life. During the Revolutionary War for about five. years he resided in Europe, and traveled extensively in France, England, Flanders, and Holland. His intimacy with Benjamin Franklin and John Adams introduced him to the best social circles in Paris, and procured for him a personal acquaintance with the leading statesmen and philosophers of England. He was the bearer of dispatches from Paris to London during the negotiation of the treaty of peace, and was one of the few Americans that were present in the House of Lords when the King of Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States. Nearly his whole life long he was in the habit of keeping an accurate journal of his experiences, and was engaged in an extensive correspondence with numerous celebrated cotemporaries. From the materials thus furnished the present volume has been prepared. It is important as an illustration of a bygone condition of society, and affords an excellent standard of comparison to estimate the changes which have since occurred in the manners, habits, and institu-

tions of the people. Mr. Watson was born in the old town of Plymouth, near the famous Pilgrim Rock, in the year 1758. He was a direct descendant on his mother's side from Edward Winslow, one of the original May Flower stock, and the third governor of the infant colony. After receiving his education at the common school in Plymouth, he left his native place at the age of fifteen, and became an apprentice to John Brown in Providence, then one of the most enterprising merchants of America. Soon after his arrival in Providence the difficulties with Great Britain began to assume a serious aspect. The tea had just been destroyed in the harber of Boston. The youth of Providence had formed themselves into military associations. Young Watson joined a cadet company consisting of seventy-five young men, the flower of the city. They often met to drill, were well equipped, and wore a uniform of scarlet coats, faced with yellow. The discipline of these companies, five in number, was so admirable as to call forth the eacomiums of Gen. Lee, by whom they were reviewed in the Autumn of 1774. When the intelligence of the march upon Lexington reached Providence, in the afternoon of April 19, 1775, all the companies flew to arms. The whole town was in a state of convulsive excitement. No cartridges were ready, and they were obliged to defer their march until morning. The night was spent in casting bullets and preparing ammunition. Early the next morning they started for the scene of action. Having advanced six miles amid the cries and tears of women, with all the roads enveloped in dust from the march of armed men, they were met by an express announcing that the British troops had been driven back to Boston. Soon after Gen. Washington had assumed the command of the American forces, Watson was sent to the headquarters at Cambridge in charge of a supply of owder, which had just been brought in one of Mr. Brown's ships. It came at a fortunate moment. The army before Boston had not four rounds to a man. Taking with him six or eight recruits to guard the precious freight, the young patriot made the best of his way to the camp. "I delivered my letter to Gen. Washington in person, and was deeply impressed with an awe I cannot describe in contemplating that great man, his august person, his majestic mien, his dignified and commanding deportment, more conspicuous, perhaps, at that moment, from the fact that he was in the act of admonishing a militia colonel with some animation. He directed a young officer to accompany me and superintend the delivery of the powder at Mystic, two miles distant. While delivering it at the powder-house, I observed to the officer, 'Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here.' He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs: These barrels are filled with sand.' 'And wherefore?' I inquired. 'To deceive the enemy,' he replied, 'should any spy, by chance, look in.' Such was the Wretched appointment of that army upon which rested the hopes of American liberty."

About two years after, a proposal was made to the trustworthy Elkanah by his employer and his brother to proceed to South Carolina and Georgia, in charge of some \$50,000 in money, to be placed in the hands of their agents in the Southern States for investment in cargoes for European markets. He was at that time but nineteen years old, and was deeply impressed with the magnitude of his trust. It was in the very crisis of the Revolation. Burgoyne was bearing down with a veteran army upon Albany; Howe was approaching Philadelphia with a powerful force; the royalists were active in every part of the Union; and the negroes in some of the Southern States were on the verge of insurrection. But the prospect had no terrors for the bold Yankee boy. Leaving Providence Sept. 4, 1777, on a good horse, a hanger at his side, and a pair of pistels in his helster, he arrives on the fourth day at Fairfield, Connecticut, and soon reached the banks of Connecticut river. Hartford at that time was "a respectable and wealthy place," with about three hundred houses, a State House and other public edifices. He found New-Haven "a delightful village," containing about four hundred dwellings and many wealthy inhabitants. On approaching Danbury, he noticed a venerable old man gazing at the ruins of a small house which had recently been burned. Upon inquiry into the cause of his distress, which was visible on his countenance, the old man told him that he was cast upon the world at the age of seventy-eight with neither property nor a home. "There," continued he, pointing to the ruins, " I resided with my aged wife for fifty years, in contentment and comfort; our little all was in that dwelling collected. When the British approached, although warned to flee, we decided to remain. A British officer promised us protection, and continued with us for some time. When he left it, my own nephew entered the house, fired it, and dragged

me away a prisoner." Crossing the Hudson at King's Ferry, Elkanah makes his way to Morristown, New-Jersey. He was much amused with the habits of the people, having never been out of New-England before. having never been out of New-England Instead of the elaborate Puritanic grace before meat, the master of the house, bare-headed, holding his hat before his face, remained for some time in silence. The good woman, instead of the generous supply of sugar to which he had been accostomed at the table of the rich Providence merchant. placed a lump near the cup to be bit off as occasion required.

Still more peculiar were the customs he met

with upon reaching the Slave States. "Soon after entering Virginia, and at a highly respectable house, I was shocked, beyond the power of language to express, at seeing, for the first time, young negroes of both sexes, from twalve even to fifteen years old, not only running about the house, but absolutely tending table, as naked as they came into the world, not having even the poor apology of a fig-leaf to save modesty a blush. What made the scene more extraordinary still, to my unpracticed eye, was the fact that several young women were at table, who appeared totally unmoved at the scandalous violation of decency. I find enstom will reconcile us to almost everything." After a journey of seventy days, having traveled

over twelve hundred miles on horseback or in a

sulky, be arrived at Charleston about the middle of

November. He had kept his funds quilted in the

lining of his coat, and had the happiness to deliver them safely to Mr. Brown's correspondent. For one or two months, he mingled freely in the gay society of Charleston, when an event occurred which spread a gloom over the whole city. This was a terrific conflagration, on the night of Jan. 15. 1778. He had been spending the evening with a brilliant party at the house of a wealthy merchant. In two hours after leaving the festive scene, the stately mansion and its sumptuous furniture were wrapt in flames. The fire spread with terrible rapidity, and raged for seventeen hours. The devastation was frightful. Every vessel, shallop, and negro boat, was crowded with the inhabitants who had been driven from their homes. Many families were thus reduced in a few hours from affluence to indigence. After laboring for a long time at the fire. Elkanah returned to his quarters to obtain a brief respite. He had no sooner seated himself than a man rushed in exclaiming, "Your roof is on fire." The shower of sparks and cinders had taken effect, though the conflagration was at a distance. The flame was soon extinguished, and our hero thought it was time to look after his trunk which contained funds to a large amount He was unable to procure assistance and shouldered it himself. The weight was greater than on ordinary occasions he could have lifted, and, staggering under the burden, he proceeded along Main street. The fire extended far and wide, spreading a sea of flame in every quarter. He soon found himself prostrated on the ground at the side of his trunk by the explosion of a large building. He escaped without injury and bastened on till he reached a magnificent house in the suburbs of the city. Entering it without hesitation, and seeing no one, he went into a splendid parlor, deposited his trunk in a closet, locked the door and put the key in his pecket. Early the next morning he set out in pursuit of his trunk, passing through the smoking ruins, and in constant danger from the falling of walls and chimneys. Upon reaching the house, which he then first discovered was the residence of Governor Rutledge, he requested his trunk. A young gentleman, who had opened the door for him, eyed the stranger with suspicion, and refused to deliver the property. Elkanah presented a sorry spectacle, and justly excited suspicion. His clothes had been torn at the fire, and his hands and face had not escaped without injury. He quelled his rising mortification, and forthwith proceeded to a friend, of whom he borrowed a clean shirt and a decent suit of clothes (his own being locked up in the Governor's closet), got shaved and powdered, and again sallied forth in quest of his trunk. "I knocked with confidence, was politely received by the same young gentleman, who evidently did not recall my features. I was ushered into the presence of the Governor. I stated to him where I had placed my trunk, and was apologizing for the liberty, when he interrupted me, remarking that the fearful crisis justified me. He continued: Sit down, Sir-will you take a glass of wine? My Secretary informed me that a person called for the trunk an hour or two ago, but, not liking his appearance, he had declined delivering it.' The Governor was much amused at understanding that I was the person who had called. I record this incident to show the importance of external appearance to a man's success in the world, and more

particularly among strangers." After a series of interesting adventures in South-Carolina and Georgia, Elkanah retraces his steps, and arrives at Providence, the last of April, 1778, after an absence of eight months, having traversed ten States and traveled nearly three thousand miles. At the commencement of the next year, he accepts proposals from Mr. Brown to proceed to France for business purposes. He had just attained the age of twenty-one, but not without "a deep disappointment" in his expectations in respect to "his establishment in life." It was not until the month of August that he embarked for France, and first landing at the little City of St. Martin's, on the Isle of Rhea, traveled across the country to Paris. He was the bearer of dispatches to Dr. Franklin, to whom he at once paid his respects at Passy. At the request of Dr. Franklin, young Elkanah waited on the Count de Vergennes with the dispatches, and was received by the French statesman with great civility. Having feasted his eye with the beauties of Versailles, he expressed a wish to the Count's secretary to see the royal family. This functionary at once took the curious American to the royal chapel, which the King and Queen soon entered. He describes the King as somewhat robust, with a full face, Roman nose, and placid countenance. The Queen had an elegant person, a fine figure, and fisrid complexion, with bright gray eyes, full of expression. The next day, he returns to Passy, to dine, by invitation, in company with Dr. Franklin. At the hour of dinner, the Doctor conducted his protegé to the splendid residence of M. de Chaumont. Elkanah felt a little ashamed of his Yankee costume, and his ignorance of the French language, but he was soon reassured by the kindness of the company, and indeed before leaving the table fell into raptures. Dr. Franklin was the subject of the most cordial and affectionate attentions. One of the young ladies approached him with the familiarity of a daughter, tapped him playfully on the cheek, and called him "Pa-pa Franklin." Few foreigners were so popular at that time at Paris as the shrewd American sage. In a gallery of paintings in the Louvre, his portrait hung near those of the King and Queen. The populace would run after his carringe, as if it bore a royal burden. With the Queen. especially, he was a great favorite, and he did not fail to turn his influence with her to the benefit of

his country. In spite of his American awkwardness, Elkanah soon falls in with the ways of the country, and after a short time establishes a mercantile house at Nantes. Here he meets with an odd adventure, which shall be related in his own words:

One of the most critical and remarkable events of my life occurred in the month of March, 1781. The Marshal de Castries, the Minister of Marine, was passing through Nantes, on his way to Brest, for the purpose of dispatching the Count de Grasse with the fleet, which subsequently acted with so much efficiency against Cornwallis.

Half the population of the city, prompted by their curiosity, poured in a torrest beyond the gates, to meet the Marshal and his retinue. I threw myself into this living current. As soon as the "avant courier" appeared in the distance, the immense crowd paraded on either side of the road. At the moment the Minister and his retinue approached, a little bell tinkled on the opposite side, in directing the passage of the "Bon Dien," enclosed in a silver vase, and held by a Catholic priest, on his way to administer the Sacrament to a dying believer. The bell was held by a small boy, who preceded the sacred procession; four men supported a canopy over the prices's head, and forty or hity stupid peasants in wooden shoes followed. Unstom obliged all to kneel as this venerated "Bon Dieu" passed by; but on this occasion most of the spectaiors, ifty stupid peasants in wooden shoes followed. Custom obliged all to kneel as this venerated "Bon Dieu" passed by; but on this occasion most of the specialors, owing to the deep mud, leaned on their canes, with hats in their hands, in a respectful posture. The couriers checked their horses, the carriages stopped, and all were thrown into confusion by the unfortunate presence of the "Bon Dieu." At this moment the priest, as if impelled by the spirit of malice, haided the procession, and stopped the host directly in front of the place where I stood, and to my utter amazement, pointing directly at me with his finger, exclaimed, "Aux genoux," (upon your knees.) I pointed in vain to my own. He again repeated, in a voice of thunder, "Aux genoux." My Yaukee blood flamed at this wanton attack, I forgot myself, and with a loud voice replied in French, "No, Sir, I will not." The populace, thunderstruck to see their "Bon Dieu" thus insulted, fired with fenaticism, broke their ranks, and were pressing toward me with violent imprecations. A German gentleman, an acquaintance, and then at my side, exclaimed to me, "For God's sake, drop in an instant." Alarmed at my critical situation, I reluctantly settled my knees into a mud-paddle. Every one within my hearing who were respectable, Catholics and Protestants, condemned the rash and inexcusable conduct of the priest.

My keenest sensibilities were outraged, and I vowed vengeance upon the audacious priest. The next afternoon I set off, armed with a good hick-

conduct of the priest.

My keenest sensibilities were outraged, and I vowed vengeance upon the audacious priest. The next afternoon I set off, armed wath a good hickory, to trace out his residence, and to effect my determination. I proceeded to the spot where the offense had been committed, entered the hut of a peasant, and inquired the name of the priest who the day before had passed with the "Bon Dien." He replied "Ma foi, out, ce Monsieur Barzage," (Yes, faith, it is M. Barage.) He pointed to the steeple of the church where he officiated, near the suburbs of the city. I soon found his house, and pulled a bell-rope. A good-looking, middle aged woman, the house keeper, soon appeared. Contrary to her interdiction, I sprang into the court-yard, and proceeded directly to the house, and made my way to his library. The priest soon appeared, demanded my business, exclaiming "that I was a murdeer or robber," and ordered me to quit his house. I sprang to the door, locked it, and, placing the key in my pocket, approached him in a hostile attitude. I compelled him to admit that he recognized my features. I then poured forth my detestation of him and of the tyranny of the French clergy. I told him I was a native of North America, the ally of France; that I was under the protection of Dr. Franklin, and would not leave him until I had received adequate remuneration for the unprovoked insult I had received. In a word, I insisted upon his apologizing to me in the same posture in which I had been placed. In taking my leave I assured him I should proceed with the American Consul and enter my formal complaint against him to the Bishop. This threat alarmed him, and he fervently urged my forbearance. I went, however, immediately to our Coasul, Colonel Williams, and communicated to him these incidents. He apprised me of the extreme danger I should be subjected to from the hostility of the priests, and admonished me, as the safest course, to proceede the affair no further. By his advice and that of Tom Paine I changed my lodgings,

One or two incidents of a more amusing charac-

ter occur on a journey from Nantes to Paris.

A merchant of Nantes, and a friend, learning of my intended journey to Paris, solicited me to conduct his wife under my protection, to that city. Our carriage was arranged for the convenience of two passengers. On the second evening, a wheel broke near the village of La Fleche, and we were necessarily obliged to stop for repairs. Madame, on a former journey, had made the acquaintance of the Curate of the parish, and we determined to shelter ourselves under the wings of his hospitality for the night. It was about 8 o'clock when we entered the Curate's yard. His servants took charge of our baggage, and we found the old gentleman seated with two or three priests, at supper upon hashed mutton and raw onions. Had I been an old friend, and rendered him a thousand services, he could not have received me with a more cordial welcome. His face was as serene as a summer evening; er occur on a journey from Nantes to Paris. could not have received me with a more cordial welcome. His face was as screene as a summer evening;
a few grey hairs were uningled with his dark locks.
"A Bostone and an ally," exclaimed the good man,
"doubly entitle you to my attention;" "mon ami,"
said he, kissing me on each cheek, with much fervency (for men kiss men in France), "Je suis charmé,
de vous voir chez moi." He stepped back, and I
looked full in his eyes, and thought I read in them so
much benignity and truth, that I felt not only a strong
predilection for him, but an assurance of his sincerity.
"I am heartily mortified," said he, pointing to the
mutton hash, "that we have nothing better on the
table, but have the complaisance to wait ten minutes,
and we will have something plus comme il jaut—
Johnton—Twinet—venez ici."

and we will have something plus comme it jant—
Johnton—Twinet—renez ici."

Madame was to spend the night with a friend in the
vicinity, and having only myself to consult, I borrowed Johnton's "conteau," and attacked the mutton, although as tough as leather, and mixed up with
raw onions, which I abominate. The old man's goodness, and a fine appetite, supplied all deficiencies.
The supper removed, and desert on the table, the
good Curate gave me a detail of his life.

"He had served," he said, "his king for sixteen
years, with a musket on his shoulder, but being disposed naturally to piety, he had changed the musket
for the "eglise," and obtained his curacy, which secures him a quiet and virtuous life. An old soldier,
he felt an instinctive curiosity to learn the progress of
military events in America; and was very inquisitive

military events in America; and was very inquisitive about "Le grand Vas-sang-ton." When I had fin-ished an account of the affair at Trenton, the Curate insisted on drinking to his health and prosperity;
"Allons! a la sante du grand Vas-sang-ton." He conducted me to my chamber, and himself adjusted

my night cap.

Early the next morning I strolled into an extensive garden near the bonse, and feasted on delicious fruit, atill mostened with the dew of the night.

Early the next morning I strolled into an extensive garden near the honse, and feasted on delicious fruit, atill mostened with the dew of the night.

I was soon joined by the worthy "padre," who made every effort to withdraw me from the dangerous paths of heresy into the fold of the true church. This led us into a curious dialogue, discussing the respective tenets of the Catholic and Protestant religions.

We left this hospitable mansion with deep sensibility. As Madame had some business two or three posts out of our way, and being anxious myself to visit the celebrated religious institution of "La Trappe," we left the Paris road, taking a northerly direction. My companion chose to be cash-keeper, and necessarily cash-payer, on the road. While Madame was disputing with the postillion how much was overpaid, I was tripping ahead, seeing the country, and amusing myself chatting with the peasantry along the road. On our way to La Trappe, I imprudently did so just at nightfall, and found myself half a league in advance of the post-house, in the dark. It occurred to me that I might have taken the wrong route, or that an accident had befallen the carriage. I soon heard wheels grinding along the flinty road, at the foot of the hill. Standing in the middle of the road, patiently awaiting the approach of the vehicle, I ran before the horses, crying out, "postillon, arrête! arrête!"—but what was my astonishment to hear a grum voice exclaim, "Socré—postillon—qu'est ce qu'il y'a!" Thunderstruck at my blunder, and expecting he would send a ball at me, I made the best of his over it, being mutually afraid of each other. He had certainly every reason to suspect me of being a foet-pad. The piace—the darkness—everything fortified the conclusion. Descending the hill precipitously, I was reioiced to meet my own carriage, which I approached with caution. I left Madame the next morning at the village of Mortagne, and proceeded alone, a distance of eight miles from the main road, to the sequestered establishment surrounded by woodlen

Mr. Watson soon after makes a visit to England. and had the good fortune, as we have before stated. to be present in the House of Lords on occasion of the King's speech recognizing the Independence of the United States. He was conducted to the House by the Earl of Ferrers. At the door, the Earl wispered to him "Get as near the throne as you an-fear nothing." Suiting his action to the word, Mr. Watson found himself in front of the throne, elbow to elbow with Lord Admiral Howe. The Lords stood around in promiscuous confusion as he entered. It was a dark and foggy day. The high windows, in antique style, with leaden bars, augmented the gloom. Watson was struck with the celebrated tapestry on the walls, representing the defeat of the Spanish armada. He recognized Copley and West in the crowd, with some American ladies. There were also several American Royalists, whose looks betrayed their dejection

After waiting nearly two hours, the approach of the

King was announced by a salve of artillery. He was clothed in the royal robes, and took his seat in the Chair of State, his right foot resting on a stool. With evident agitation, he drew from his pocket the scroll containing his speech. The Commons were summoned, and after order was restored, the King proceeded to read. "I was near him," says Mr. Watson, "and watched with intense interest every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. After some general and usual re-marks, he continued: 'I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the pow ers vested in me, and offer to declare them'-Here he paused, and was in evident agitations either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion. In a moment he resumed: - and offer to declare them free and independent States. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essen tial monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries.' 'It is remarked," our narrator continues, "that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion, with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations in the progress of this address; every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review, in my mind's eye, the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the contest, and the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very King, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble and importunate petitions for relief. Yet I believe that George III. acted under what he felt to be the high and solemn claims of constitutional duty."

After an extensive tour on the Continent of Europe, which he has described in a series of interesting reminiscences, Mr. Watson returns to this country in the Autumn of 1784. He was so changed by time and travel that he was compelled to announce his name to his old patron Mr. Brown. and even his own father did not recognize him On the 3d of December he takes passage in a sloop for New-York with Rufus King, Elbridge Gerry, and Judge Sullivan, on their way to Congress. New-York then contained about 1,400 houses and 20,000 inhabitants. Philadelphia had about 6,000 dwellings, chiefly built of brick, and a population of 50,000.

On the 23d of January, 1785, Mr. Watson visited Mount Vernon. He was the bearer of letters from General Green, and Col. Fitzgerald, a former aid of Washington, and also of books from Granville Sharp. No pilgrim ever approached Mecca with deeper enthusiasm. He trembled with awe, as he came into the presence of the great man. He found Washington at table with his wife, and his private family, and was put at ease by his free and affable conversation. There was a peculiarity in his smile which seemed to illuminate his eye. His whole countenance beamed with intelligence, while it inspired confidence and respect. "I found him," says his admirer, "kind and benignant in the domestic circle, revered and beloved by all around him; agreeably social, without ostentation; delighting in aneceote and adventures, without assumption: his domestic arrangements harmonious and systematic. His servants seemed to watch his eye, and to anticipate his every wish; hence a look was equivalent to a command. His servant Billy, the faithful companion of his nilitary career, was always at his side. Smiling content animated and beamed on every countenance in his presence. The first evening I spent under the wing of his hospitality, we sat a fell hour at table by ourselves, without the least interruption, after the family had retired. I was extremely oppressed by a severe cold and excessive coughing, contracted by the exposure of a harsh Winter journey He pressed me to use some remedies, but I declined doing so. As usual after retiring, my coughing increased. When some time had elapsed, the door of my room was gently opened, and on drawing my bed-curtains, to my utter astenishment, I beheld Washington himself, standing at my bed-side, with a bowl of hot tea in his hand. I was mortified and distressed beyond expression."

The exertions of Mr. Watson in the cause of internal improvements and the elevation of agriculture, during the subsequent portion of his career, have given a special interest to his name, and are described in detail in the present volume. His singularly active and varied life was brought to a close December 5, 1842, when he was in the eightyfifth year of his age. The biography now published is of an unambitious character, but will possess a permanent value in its rich collection of personal eminiscences, historical anecdotes, and local descriptions. In the means of comparison which it furnishes between the present condition of the country, and its humble estate three quarters of century since, it challenges an interest which few antiquarian works can rival.

A BISTORY OF HERKIMER COUNTY. By NATHANIEL

S. BENTON. Svo. pp. 497. Albany: J. Munsell.

The portion of the State of New-Fork in the upper alley of the Mohawk, now included in the County Herkimer, was originally settled by emigrants from the Lower Palatinate of the Rhine. They left their native country, like the Puritans of Massachusetts, for the sake of religious freedom, and were aided in their enterprise by the Protestants of England. The exact date of their lodgment in the region of the Mo hawk has not been ascertained; but it was probably between the years 1722 and 1725. For the first thirty ive years after their emigration, they enjoyed a state of tranquillity, and made rapid progress in clearing the lands, erecting houses, and preparing defenses against attack. In 1757, their settlements were destroyed by an expedition of French and Indians from Canada; several of the people were killed, and about one hundred carried into captivity. Another attack was made the following year upon the settlement on the south side of the Mohawk. From that time until the commencement of the Revolution the settlers were not disturbed in their peaceful occupations, and attained an eminent degree of rural prosperity. Dur-

ing the war of the Revolution they were exposed to all the miseries of Indian barbarity. One continued scene of desolation and blood was presented to the inhabitants of the frontier. Not one in fifty of their hamlets escaped destruction by fire. In 1781, not less than one-third of the population had been killed or driven from the county, and among those who re-mained were two thousand orphan children and three hundred widows. Since the establishment of our national independence, Herkimer County has shared the general progress of the State and the country. Its local history presents many interesting details, which have been faithfully gathered up by the author of this volume and recorded in a simple and unpretending manner. He has given full biographical notices of several of the public men of the county, and enriched his narrative with a store of curious antiquarian and personal anecdotes. The evident diligence with which ae has explored the various sources of information on the subject, and the good judgment with which he has stranged his materials are worthy of commendation, and it is to be hoped may stimulate other writers to do equal justice to their favorite localities.

THE SHARESPEARE PAPERS OF THE LATE WIL-LIAM MAGINN, LL. D. Annotated by Dr. Sarlyon Mackerszie. 12 mo., pp. 333. Redfield. Dr. Maginn's love of novelty often seduced him into the indulgence of paradox. Hence his commentaries on Shakespeare are usually more ingenious than satisfactory. He delights to exercise a subtle wit in the exposition of Shakespeare's characters, but he seldom presents convincing grounds for his conclusions. Thus, n his view, Falstaff is at heart a moralist, unluckily fallen into bad ways, Jaques a merry humorist, and Lady Macbeth a victim to her conjugal devotion. Still, Maginn writes with too much acuteness and animation not to awaken a certain interest in the reader. He approaches Shakespeare with equal reverence and sympathy, and enters deeply into his spirit, even when he puts a fanciful construction on his creations. The editor of this volume is, as usual, profuse, and sometimes superfluous in annotation.

THE MECHANICS' AND ENGINEERS' BOOK OF REP. ERENCE. By CHARLES HASLETT. Edited by CHARLE. W. HACKLEY. 12mo. pp. 517. Stringer & Townsond. A remarkable union of scientific and miscellaneous

from the poetry of the people as represented by the Klephtic ballads and the festive songs of Christopoulos. Professor Felton's notes are brief and pointed, enabling the reader familiar with ancient Greek to master the selections without much difficulty.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE, By DAVID A. Wells, A. M. 8vo pp. 566. Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson. The success of the well-known volume with the above title, issued several years since by the publishers of this work, has led to the preparation of the present edition. It is intended to fill the same place in family reading and in an extended system of instruction which was occupied by its predecessor among the manuals of general education. The leading facts in the principal departments of natural science are explained in a series of familiar questions and answers mbodying a great amount of information in a manner adapted for popular use.

THE CITY ARCHITECT. By WILLIAM H. RANLETT. No.
1. De Whit a Davesport
The new serial, of which we here have the first

number, is designed to furnish a manual containing the necessary information for building a city from the commencement. It will accordingly present not only plans and specifications for every variety of building, private and public, but instructions for laying out streets, squares, parks, and public grounds, the construction of docks, wharves and mills, and ample directions for ventilating, heating and lighting. The work is to be completed in twenty numbers, each of which will form an independent treatise devoted to a special subject.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. A. SPENCER, D. D. (Serial.) Martin & Johnson,

Serncea, D. D. (Serial.) Martin & Johnson.

The peculiar feature of this work is the excellence and variety of its pictorial illustrations. These consist of engravings on steel from paintings by Leutze, Weir, Vanderlyn, Powell and Chapman, and designs by Chappel and other American artists. The letterpress gives an agreeable narrative of the course of American history, compiled from Irving, Bancroft, Hildreth, and other popular writers, with occasional nse of the original authorities. The work is brought out with remarkable beauty of typography and em-bellishment, and promises to be a valuable addition to the family library.

HOME SERVICE. By the Rev. Wm. Bacon Stavens, D.D. 12mo., pp. 347. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. In preparing this manual of devotion, the author has aimed at the wants of persons who are occasionally prevented from attendance on public worship. It comprises forms of social devotion, hymns for social praise, and sermons for social circles. The character f its contents, no less than the admirable taste of its typegraphy, commends it to the attention of religious

A POPULAR CYCEOPEDIA OF MODERN DOMESTIC MEDICINE. By KRITH IMRY, M. D. 8vo. pp. 859. C. Shepard & Co. The merits of this work, of which a new edition is

now issued, have been tested by the experience o everal years since its original publication in the United States. In addition to the alphabetical description of the various diseases of the human body, it contains brief treatises on anatomy and physiology,

popular surgery, dieteties, and the management of sid THE CONSTITUTIONAL TEXT-BOOK. By Francis SHEPPARD, 12ma, pp. 321. Philadelpha: Childs & Poter In this useful volume an exposition is given of the practical administrative details of the General Government as laid down in the Constitution of the United States. It is intended for elementary instruction, as is equally adapted for a class-book in schools or a week

The Kings of Rome and The Republic of Rome by W. F. RICORD, are the first two volumes of a serie intended to present a connected view of the history Rome from the commencement to the termination the Roman power. They have been carefully con-piled from the most authentic sources, and exhibit a pleasing form both the facts and the fables which have been preserved by ancient and modern historic The volumes are brought out in a neat and conveni style, and are illustrated by numerous engravings. (12mo., pp. 304, 308. A. S. Barnes & Co.)

ABBOTT'S NAPOLEON.

From The London Athenaum.

From The London Athensian.

The art of illustration belongs to all periods of many history; and the "pictures" in this life of Napolson Bonaparte are evidently relies of a Sinatic rock in which a certain zealous theorist saw a "patella a knee-pan, designed with anatomical fidelity," and in three irregular scratches, an entire horse. On a sinalizar principle, the engravings in Abbott's volumes he supposed to represent scenes in the career of the First Consul. Some Cosmas Indicopleustes of own day might remark that "they sear all the trace of age and barbarity;" but Mr. Abbott, who ought to be a good judge, considers them "beautiful." At all events we know where an abundance of a similar kind may be found. In a printed sheet of the last century describing the Dutch cruelties at Amboyona-in Captain John Smith's relation of his adventuramong Calmuck's and "salvages"—in song collectio to the memory of the "Jolly Young Waterman"—at in the "Six Feet for a Penny," which represent irrural eyes the scallet and good of a Lord Mayor Show—the counterparts of these beauties may taken.

Never was an "illustrated work" so replete with

times experiment in the "Six Feek for a Penny," which represents the PRANCE By Charles State T. Edies by Charles W. Hacketz. Hang, Stat. States T. Edies by Charles W. Hacketz. Hang, Stat. States T. Edies by Charles W. Hacketz. Hang, Stat. States T. Edies by Charles W. Hacketz. Hang, States T. Edies by Charles W. Hacketz. Hang, States T. Edies by Charles in formation be presented in this work, and distinguishes it from most other manuals compiled with a similar purpose. In addition to a variety of problems in geometry, rules of measuration and instrumental powers, the principles of the steam-engine, the construction of ralleod curves, practical electricia tales, and directions for all kinds of estimates, constructions, mixtures, and the like, adapted to the use of the architect, the mason, the carpenter, and the manufacturer and artisen in every species of material. The work is bound in a near pocket volume, and is well relied to the wants of practical men who require a convenient and authentic manual of reference.

LIPE IN BRAZIL. By Thomas Ewanx. Ever p. 49. Harper & Brushest.

During a temporary residence in Rio Janeiro, Mr. Erbehnk devoted himself with equal assidiaty to the antiquurian remains in the city and to the castom and manners of the living population. His attention was especially directed to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church and their indisence on public morals. Ever on the alter foir information, he permits few objects of entire the continuity to escape his sotice, and records his impressions with a quint shell, mixturely validation of the preplate and the results of modera recearches in natural, science, presenting the leading facts in marine botary, colongy, and meloration of the perpetual mixture of creation.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN ORFER WRITERS. With Nates, by F. C. R. Live, Lib., Lime, pp. 288.

The COEAN By P. H. Gaosse, dhow, pp. 278. P. Pladding the six in marine botary, colongy and meloration of the perpetual mixture of creation.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN ORFER WRITERS. With Nates, by

"bers of maidens and in the eradies of infants, and "the incidental destruction of innoconce and helpless" ness is disregarded." But what analogy on earth exists between "incidental destruction" in a town under the fire of batteries, and the sanghter of a helpless multitude "firmly fettered," divided into small squares, and mown down by successive discharges of musketry? After this we are not astonished to be told that Napoleon's desire to poison seven of his sick warriors to be rid of them arose from "mistakes views of Christian duty."

In the same spirit the Emperor's treatment of Josephine is not only pallisted, but extelled, as well as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. The little episode of Cantillon, with its denouement in our own time, is conveniently forgetten.

As is the sabstance, so is the style. Whirlwinds, thunderbolta, torrents, tides and hurricanes rush from page to page, scattering the English language in unimaginable confusion around and through the wild mazes of the author's invention. It is scarcely to be supposed in America, where the common school should teach the difference between good and bad writing, productions of this character can attain to popularity. In England trashy tales and obsolete compilations have hitherto had a realm of their own. Education, if it have any social influence, must weed the fallow ground, for, while there are only thistles to be had, we have no right to complain if but one class of animals consume them.

"THE WORKS OF JOHN C. CALHOUN:

From The National Intelligencer.

In the sixth volume of Mr. Calhoun's Works, edited by Richard K. Cralle, Esq., are two political essays of Mr. Calhoun entitled "Onslow to Patrick Heavy, on "the powers of the Vice President as President of the "Senate." The editor prefixes to them the following interdesting.

"the powers of the Vice President as President of the "Senate." The editor prefixes to them the following introduction:

"Novz.—The following correspondence grew out of the falure of Mr. Calhoun, as Tresident of the Senate, to cail Mr. Randoly he of Virginia, to order, during the delivery of his celestated Retrenchment speech, in which he, indulged in certain remarks highly offensive to the Administration, and sepecially Mr. J. Q. Adams, the President), and Mr. Clay, his Secretary of State. The former resorted to the newspapers, under the signature of "Patrick Henry," and arraigned the Vice President, (Mr. Calboun), for neglect of daty; while the latter appealed to the deside, and called Mr. Randolyh to the field. The letters of 'Onslow' (Mr. Calhoun) contain, in a brief space, a clear and fercible exposition of the power of the President of the Senate in questions of order."

If the foregoing paragraph be a fair specimen of the spirit in which Mr. Calhoun's works have been edited, none can have greater cause than his friends to regret that they did not appear without a commentator. On the death of John Quincy Adams the whole American people did that justice to his memory which had been denied him while living; and on the death of Heury Clay, in the utterance of his country's grief might be heard the sigh of repentance for her ingratitude. Between these two events Mr. Calhoun died, and on that occasion his former political adversaries were not backward in commemorating his eminent abilities and his patriotism. In this state of public feeling the confidential friend of Mr. Calhoun and the editor of his works comes forward to throw nettles on the graves of Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay. He charges Mr. Adams with having, while President of the United States, so far forgotten the proprieties of his station as to become the anonymous assailant, in the newspapers, of the officer in the Government next in place to himself; and, in connection with a reference to the public conduct of that same officer, refers, in a spirit whi